

STACK  
ANNEX

5

092

350

---

---

:: THOUGHTS ::

---

---

A

0  
0  
0  
0  
5  
3  
8  
2  
0  
7

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

— POEMS —

Pictures in the Fire

BY

HILDA L. EVERETT

Ex Libris



Regnold Boden

---

---

<sup>2</sup>  
:: THOUGHTS ::

---

---

— POEMS —

Pictures in the Fire

BY

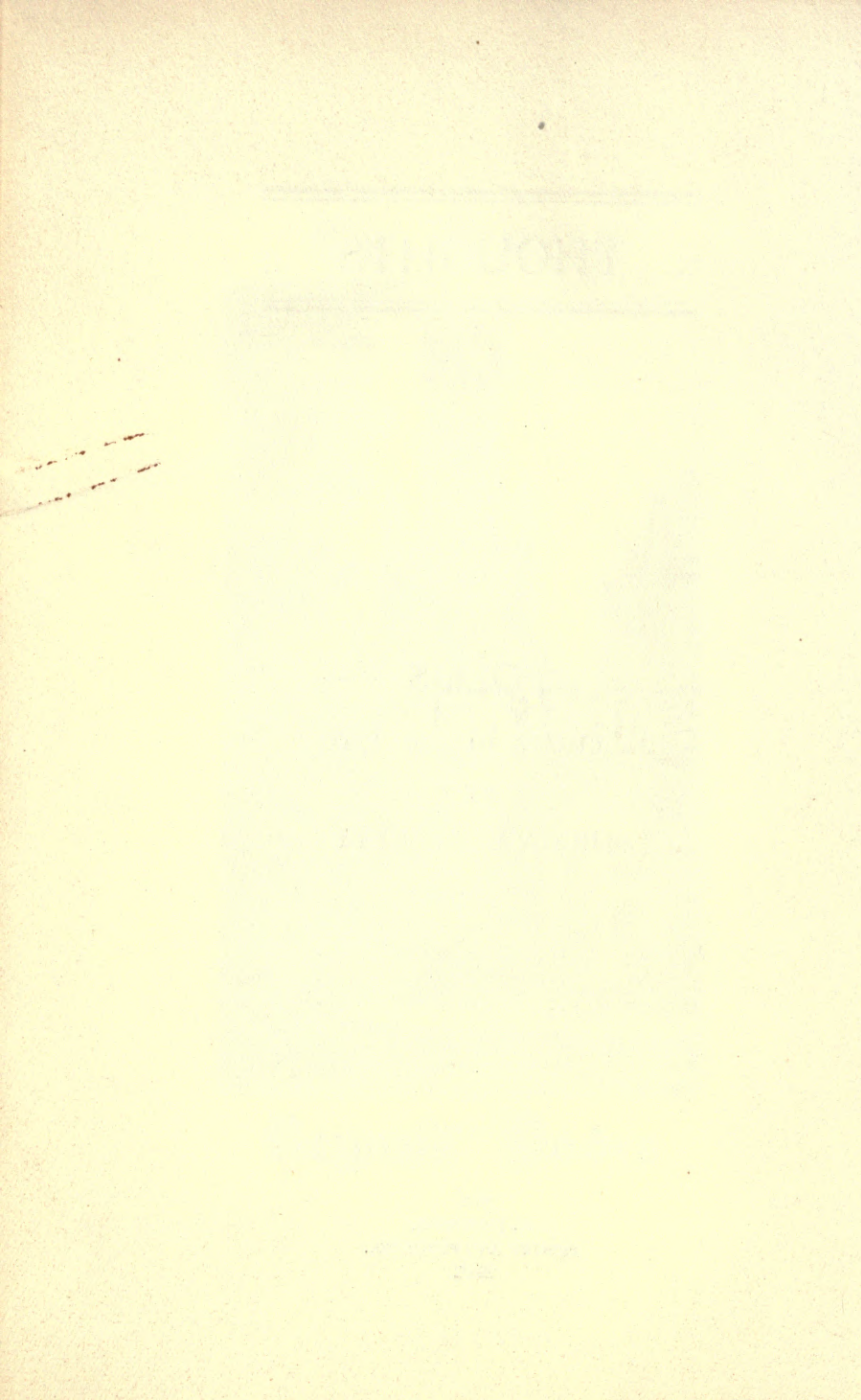
HILDA L. EVERETT

<sup>5</sup>  
[n.p.]

ELY :  
G W. JEFFERSON,  
PRINTER AND PUBLISHER.  
22672

<sup>7</sup>  
[n.d.]





## PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

Christmas Afternoon:—A young man on his way home is met by his Grandfather while the other members of the family are about their farmyard duties.

MISTS of pearly softness linger'd  
O'er the silent stretch of fen,  
With a mute caress,—a message  
To the list'ning hearts of men.

Rutted drovelands, firm and crusted  
By the frost from day to day,  
Pasture-land and fallow acreage  
All in quiet wonder lay.

Treach'rous waterways, ice-coated,  
Dumb between their banks of reed,—  
Dykes where weed and bramble mingled,  
Check'd the trav'lers' hasty lead.

"Nay, my laddie, keep the drove-way,  
Danger lurks across 'The Cut,'"—  
And the old eyes twinkled fondly,—  
"Travel in the same old rut."

"Aye, but Grandsire I am eager  
To rejoin the family throng,  
Oh 'twas good you came to meet me  
Else the way had seem'd so long."

And the youth in budding manhood  
Looked into the kind old face,  
Linked his arm in courteous fondness,  
Check'd his heedless, headlong pace.

Everywhere the mist hung deeper,—  
Trees and landmarks near to sight,—  
Lost their form as though in distance,  
Wraiths within the mystic light.

"Hark!" the young face looked expectant  
As he raised a warning hand,  
"Hark—there's Jean among her cattle  
Singing to them as they stand.

Teddy too, I hear his whistle  
On the mead beyond the drain,  
Hunting eggs among the grasses  
To a Christmas time refrain.

Dad will be among his horses  
Feeding, grooming them,—and all,  
Little Nan will be his helper,  
Will they hear me if I call?

Half a mile or so, no further,  
Then it will be 'Home, Sweet Home,'  
With the Mater, Dad and kiddies,  
Home again—no more to roam."

At home the little folk are eager to welcome brother Jack.

A GLOW of ruddy brightness  
Streamed from the casement low,  
Where 'mong the downy cushions  
A child danced to and fro.  
For long the wee mite struggled  
To clean the misty pane,  
But dimpled, chubby fingers  
Had rubbed and rubbed in vain.

The dancing firelight lingered  
Upon the curly head,  
The eyes so full of mischief,  
The cheeks so rosy red.  
A moment and the childie  
Cried out in pure delight,  
As, from the mist, the trav'lers  
Came into nearer sight.

A merry whoop—a scramble  
To reach the wide-flung door,  
All heedless of remonstrance,—  
The toys upon the floor.  
The childie from the window,  
The little lads from play,  
The shy small girlyies reading,  
To 'Jacko' found their way.

He caught the childie to him  
And rode her shoulder high,  
The boys and girlyies round him  
Forgetful to be shy.  
And in the firelight standing  
With Christmas love and cheer,  
The proud fond Mother linger'd  
To one and all so dear.

Christmas Evening, and the whole family gather round the fire.

THE quaint low-ceilinged homestead  
Breathed comfort everywhere,  
The fragrant understanding  
Of love's own joy to share.  
Bright holly scaled the wainscot  
And linked the oaken beam,  
And flow'rs in full profusion  
Joined in the Christmas theme.

The lamps had long been lighted,  
The window curtains drawn,  
The fire built high and firmly  
Of Yule logs newly sawn.  
And comfy chairs and lounges  
And humpys, stools and all,  
Were drawn within the brightness,  
'Way from the shadow'd wall.



And one and all they gathered;  
Lads,—lassies,—young and old,  
And merry chatter held them  
And Christmas tales were told,  
'Till as the bairnies tired  
And nestled drowsily,  
A tender quiet touch'd them  
And each sat dreamily,—

Lost in the thoughts of Christmas,  
Its beauty, love and light,  
Its hope of understanding,  
Of fuller, clearer sight.  
The Yule logs sparkled freely,  
The flames leaped high and high'r,  
And each in dream-thought followed  
The 'Pictures in the Fire.'

## PICTURES FOR JANUARY.

### **The Organist and his little Grand-daughter.**

From 'Springtime Symphony.'

ALL night long the snow had fallen,  
And the flakes of whiteness lay  
Cuddled into one another,  
Crisp and sparkling on the way.  
Ev'ry path was closely hidden,  
Footprints of the yesterday  
And the new life of the dawning,  
Cut and traced its onward way.  
"Grandy," cried a gentle maiden  
Turning from the casement wide  
"Make the music of the snow-drop  
That the snow had come to hide.  
Play the great still silence Grandy,  
And the bigness of it all,  
Play the snowflake, oh so softly  
That you cannot hear it fall.



### **Life.**

From 'In the Firelight.'

LIFE seemed strange, a wide, deep question,  
Big strong men bent low in tears,  
Hard unlovely faces soften'd  
Smiles out-peep'd thro' cloudy fears.  
Gladness—sadness mingled softly,  
Pain and pleasure,—darkness,—light,  
Kindness—sweetness,—thought unlovely,—  
Wrong seem'd ever touch'd by right.

### **A Mother and her Boy.**

From 'Fide et Amore.'

THE glad bright sunshine of the Winter day  
Flooded the path, between  
The wide flung open door,—the granite wall  
That girt the homestead green.  
Upon the threshold, ling'ring in the light  
To fearsome musings prone,  
A mother stood to watch her boy go forth,  
Into the world—alone.

### **Ideals.**

From 'Golden Brightness.'

AS sunlit mountain peaks, they rise into the light,  
Strong, firm and ever unafraid of mystery and blight.  
Worthy the dawn that breaks in silence all around,  
And wakes the life that dormant lies, the loveliness  
unfound.

---

## PICTURES FOR FEBRUARY.

### **Go Deep Enough.**

From 'Out of Doors.'

LOOK 'neath the pucker and the frown,  
The hasty word,—the slight that brings the castle  
down,—  
The cold reserve,—the silence that we fear to drown.



## PICTURES FOR MARCH.

### **Everyone's Darling.**

From 'Winter Sunshine.'

JUST a blue-eyed little darling,—  
How she laughs with roguish glee,  
When some mischief she is planning,  
Coyly waiting,—'just to see.'  
Fair soft locks just loosely ribbon'd,  
Blue to match those open eyes,  
Wide and large when gravely watching,  
Held by some new glad surprise.  
Happy temper'd—sweet, aye lovely,  
Hear her lisp her little prayer,  
Call "Goodnight" to all around her,  
Then to sleep without a care.

### **Washing Day.**

From 'A Spring Idyll.'

THE little one had tired and Nancy lass  
Had borne him way to sleep,  
And fondling long the sweet unconscious brow  
Her thoughts flow'd wide and deep  
Then light of step she left the sleeping babe,—  
For why 'twas 'washing day.'—  
A pile of fragrant linen stood, that she  
Could fold and bear away.  
The freshness of the Springtime air it held,  
A glint of sunny light,  
A sweet suggestion of the soft blue sky.  
That gave the work delight.  
The basket was refill'd again, again  
And Nancy with a song  
Upon her lips, and smile within her eye,  
Work'd happily and long.



### **The Traveller's Welcome.**

From 'Fide et Amore.'

"SAY, are you all at home?"  
The house bell sounded thro' the silent hall,  
And willing footsteps rang,  
In loving answer to the plaintive call.  
Strong kindly hands outstretched  
With ready welcome and with hearty cheer,  
They eased the heavy coat,  
And drew him to the fire, and gently near,—  
Into the heart of home,  
Where in the shaded light the wee babe slept:  
They linked his hand,—and watched,—  
And to his lonely heart new gladness crept.

---

## **PICTURES FOR APRIL.**

### **Spring.**

From 'Springtime Symphony.'

AND child "Spring" danced into her regal own:  
With golden locks and liquid soft blue eyes,  
Her happy presence thrill'd the silver'd air  
With sweet surprise.

### **The Organist and the Blackbird.**

From 'Springtime Symphony.'

THE organist with white uncovered head  
Paused by the knotted five-barred gate, his hand  
As e'er with gentle touch, upon the frame  
That countless storms and suns had braved to stand.  
A blackbird unafraid his gentle eye,  
Lingered upon the budding hawthorn tree,  
And reached his music-loving soul  
With strains of joy and hope,—full melody.

---

### **Night-time in Hospital.**

From 'Winter Sunshine.'

THE silent wards, breathe peaceful calm and rest,  
Sleep lingers close, health's tonic sweet and best.

From some far home, a tender loving thought  
Is softly breathed, and here by love is caught.

\* \* \*

A door is ope'd, the silent midnight air  
Takes up the sound, though soft with mindful care.

'Tis Nurse who comes on duty through the night,  
From bed to bed she moves 'neath soft dim light.  
A drink perchance for they who thirst, and wake,  
A pillow turned, for heads that tire and ache.

\* \* \*

The silence grows, her footsteps die away,  
And all is still,—Night waits the coming Day.

### **A Twilight Fantasy.**

From 'Spring Light.'

"TWILIGHT" with new graces linger'd,  
O'er the soft sweet scented lawn,  
As though breathing some fond message,  
To await her sister "Dawn."

---

## **PICTURES FOR MAY.**

### **The Maytime Sky.**

From 'Springtime.'

THE tend'rest blue that Heaven doth know,—  
Not liquid heights  
Of some all-radiant summer day,  
But soft and fair,—the joy of May,  
Mist-woven lights.

---

### **The Little Wanderer.**

From 'Beauty and Fragrance.'

A TODDLING mite fresh from his bath,  
'Scaped from his Mummy's care,  
Had gain'd the sunny road alone,  
His fearless arts to dare.  
A strong kind voice with cheery word,  
O'er took the little feet,  
And bribed the little wand'rer home,  
With cake or tempting sweet.

### **Chivalry.**

From 'Out of Doors.'

BENT with age,—and weary struggling  
With the unexpected shower,  
"Granny" shelter'd 'neath the ruins  
Of the ancient Abbey Tower.  
But her breath came slow and fitful,  
For the path was rough and steep,  
Oft she falter'd trying vainly,  
'Neath the inner wall to keep.  
But two laddies, treasure hunting  
By the deep enchanted well,  
Saw her struggle, and her danger,  
Dreaded lest she tripp'd and fell.  
Quick as thought they hasten'd to her  
Greeted her with quaint respect,  
Guided,—bore her up the incline,—  
One of England's own elect.

---



## PICTURES FOR JUNE.

### **A Country Road in June.**

From 'Rural Scenes.'

ON the hillside—off the roadway,  
Here and there a farm doth stand,  
Oft with ancient barns and timber,  
That would joy the artist's hand.  
Flow'rets cluster in the gardens,  
Fragrance fills the sunny air,  
Roses climb in sweet profusion,  
Making cot and homesteads fair.

### **A Little Child at Play.**

From 'Harvest Days.'

THRO' the quaint deep open window,  
Where sweet jasmine held its sway,  
Came the voice, the happy laughter  
Of a little child at play.

### **A Lassie and her Lad.**

From 'Autumn Days.'

ALONG the country roadway,  
Where dust lay thick and white,  
A herd of cattle,—slowly,  
Moved into nearer sight.  
The winsome lass attending,  
Caressed with tender voice  
Each grave-eyed wistful milker,  
And led to grassland choice.  
The cattle mildly grazing,—  
The five-barred gate made fast,  
The lass—her eyes ashading,  
Wide longing glances cast.  
A soft low whistle sounded,—  
That stirred a deep rose-blush,  
An answ'ring "Coo-ee,"—sweetly,  
A deep expectant hush.

**Moonlight.**

From 'The Message of Spring.'

THE distant Church—the village wrapt in sleep,  
Rest 'neath its charm,  
The lonely cot, 'way on the grassy steep,  
The wayside farm—  
The silver'd lane,—the softly lighted bower,  
Responsive, catch the ever magic power.

## PICTURES FOR JULY.

**Dawn.**

From 'Twelve Short Poems.'

ONE tiny gleam of daylight, peep'd softly—shyly—out,  
And night still hung her garments, the quiet night about.  
How tenderly it waken'd,—like to a sleeping child  
Roused from its downy pillows and 'way from sleep  
beguiled.  
Then Night her heavy mantle drew round her weary  
form,  
And with caressing kindness, bowed to the blushing  
Dawn.  
Pale sunbeams softly scatter'd their brightness over  
all,  
And Day with radiant gladness answered to Dawn's  
sweet call.

### The Village Street on a Summer Morn.

From 'Beauty and Fragrance.'

THE farmyard gates swung back and fore,  
Carts rumbled on the stone,  
Man greeted man with cheery word,  
None passed the way alone.

A herd of kine in pasturage far  
Thro'-out the soft warm night,  
Came slowly thro' the village street  
Within the new clear light.  
With gaysome step the boys and girls  
'Way to the farmhouse ran,  
Bright with the morning, fresh and glad,  
High swinging jug or can.

**Kindness.**

From 'Wayside Pictures.'

OH joy in life's kindness—as grass by the way,  
Or shade of the leafage above,  
Kindness grown greater than justice and right,—  
Just the little bit more,—that's Love.

**Nancy's Ideal.**

From 'A Spring Idyll.'

THE lass was ling'ring by the open door  
Lost in unspoken thought,  
The sunset sky in all its golden light,  
Her fond far gaze had caught.

\* \* \*

"Oh yes," she softly breathed, "I want to help  
The great big world to live,—  
To understand the real,—the true,—the glad,—  
And of its highest give."



PICTURES FOR AUGUST.

**The New Day.**

From 'The Message of Spring.'

A LOVELY pearl of creamy depths, a gem all-pure—  
Un-made by man,—untouched—all-real, [all-true,  
With power to pain,—to joy,—to heal,  
A sacred gift and true.





### **A Young Apollo.**

From 'Out of Doors.'

A WOODCRAFT laddie of some tender years,  
A Tracker of St. Catherine's famous Clan,  
Linger'd anear the homestead garden gate,  
'E're for his morning dip he thither ran.

\* \* \*

Tingling and glowing,—every pulse alert,  
Bright pearl-drops sparkling 'mong his raven hair,  
As young Apollo deeming life a joy,  
He faced the day with pride to do,—to dare.

### **Summertime.**

From 'Beauty and Fragrance.'

THE honey-bees are busy in the flowers,  
Their droning hangs upon the scented air,  
And with a sense of drowsy restfulness  
We watch the worker buzzing here and there.  
The dusted road, bone-coloured in the sun  
Like corded ribbon, winds between the fields,  
And bears upon its crown, the Summer joy,  
The burden that the fertile fenland yields.  
The noon-day heat hangs purple on the fen,  
While suns ride high, majestic and grand,—  
Oh joy the Summer-time of rose-bright dreams,  
When luscious days abloom on every hand.

### **Twilight o'er the Fen.**

From 'Harvest Days.'

THE quiet fen  
Within the dreamy light, lay wrapt in charm,  
Her tranquil life  
Breathed deep of peace from every cot and farm.

## PICTURES FOR SEPTEMBER.

### **The Cloud-Child.**

From 'Springtime.'

A BILL'WY mass of snowy clouds,  
Stretch'd 'cross a span of sky,  
So soft and white, one dreamed of snow,  
Piled lightly, pure and high,—  
Where little folk of tender years,  
A-frolic,—climb and play,  
And search the mystic snow-built caves,  
'Midst laughter bright and gay.  
'Way on the further edge,—one stray'd,—  
A wee maid softly clad,  
As though a tender Thought-Child,—born  
To make the world more glad.  
One little foot, outstretch'd, to touch  
The depths of soft sweet blue,  
She smiled a bright illumined smile,—  
All life was glad and new.

### **In the Cornfield.**

From 'Harvest Days.'

THE whit'ning oats in glitt'ring golden light,  
The barley grain,  
With soften'd bearded growth as woven silk,  
Passed on the sweet refrain.  
Backward and fore, a heaving sea of light,  
Pulsing and strong,  
A thousand thoughts,—a myriad hopes upcaught,  
And link'd in dauntless song.  
With child's all simple trust, a little lass  
Had strayed to hear,  
And silent 'mong the whisp'ring grain she stood,  
With 'tentive list'ning ear.

A white hair'd veteran, bronzed with former suns,  
    Paused in the way  
And link'd the little hand with his,—and breathed  
    "There is no other way."

### **The Young Musician.**

From 'Golden Melody.'

WITHIN the soften'd fire-light glow  
In poise of easy grace,  
The young musician stood, and raised  
    His fiddle into place.  
In softness,—sweetness,—shyness born  
E'en from the depths of power  
The loveliest strain of music broke  
    The silence of the hour.  
A ling'ring pleading, softly borne,  
A yearning, deep hope-thought,  
'Way upward thro' the courts of space—  
    In throbbing vastness caught.

---

## **PICTURES FOR OCTOBER.**

### **Friendship.**

From 'Our Treasures.'

E'EN tho' dark shades should hover near and fall,—  
    It lives with beauty still—nor fades,  
But lights the darkness there.  
Or in the sunlight, should its beauty shine  
    'Neath skies of tender blue,  
Its life yet gleams,—all-pure—divine,—  
    In sweet glad sympathy.

### **Autumn Tints.**

From 'Beauty and Fragrance.'

THE amber sunlight softly fill'd the day,  
Cool quiet hours sped lightly, tenderly,—  
    Along the way.



The fires of Autumn cast a ruddy glow  
Thro' thinning trees,—o'er open fenland tracks,  
Lands high and low.  
The hedgerow gay with myriad gems of light,  
Gleam'd thro' the short'ning days, and thro' the clear  
Autumnal night.

### **In Fond Memory.**

(Mrs. C. M. Bearcock.)

THE mellow Autumn sunshine streamed  
Around her as she stood,  
Watching the sunset, work was o'er  
And evening time seemed good.  
Her boys pressed round her, fondly near,—  
Chums ever—work or play,  
Her silent look, her gentlest word  
Had always won the day.  
Their sweethearts came,—their little ones  
Climbed gaily on her knee,  
She smiling caught her husband's glance—  
Oh life was good to be.—  
Comrades in perfect harmony  
They'd pressed from year to year,  
And friends around in tender love  
Joy'd in her life,—her cheer.

### **The Charm of the Fen.**

From 'A Spring Idyll.'

THE little window in the thatch,  
Again was open wide,  
The curtains, lightly draped around,  
Again were held aside.  
'Twas Nancy lass aling'ring long,  
Held by the old fen charm,  
With dark-eyed tender radiance,  
At one with night's deep calm.

## PICTURES FOR NOVEMBER.

### **Autumn Mists.**

From 'Autumn Days.'

THE Autumn day breathed sadness,  
The rain drawn sky bent low  
And wept as tho' in sorrow,  
With teardrops soft and slow.  
A breeze with tearful murmur  
Stirred as a half-breathed sigh,  
A ling'ring heartfelt yearning,—  
A wistful, stifled cry.  
A grey, soft mist fast gather'd,  
As tho' a host of fears  
Enwrapping silent hedgerow,  
Bright in their haze of tears.  
The trees, as veiled in sorrow,  
In depths of anxious thought,  
Scarce murmur'd, lest a sob half breathed,  
Be softly, firmly caught.

### **The Little Child and the Tramp.**

From 'Out of Doors.'

LOOK 'neath the ragged coat, ill-worn,  
Of him who tramps our highways, abject and forlorn,  
We do not see the struggles that his soul have torn.  
A little child with wise wide stare,  
So unafraid the shabby coat, the grizzled hair,—  
Looked in his face and nestled in his unused care.

### **Country Homesteads.**

From 'Autumn Days.'

'WAY from tiny well thatched home-steads,  
Circled soft blue curls of smoke,—  
Round the cosy hearth-stones, gathered  
Happy country folk.

### **Childhood's Days.**

From 'Fide et Amore.'

WHEN the lamps at last are lighted,  
And the stars peep'd one by one,  
From their bed of velvet darkness,  
And the day's work all was done,—  
'Peterkins' so tired and happy  
Climbed on Mummy's waiting knee,  
With sweet childhood's understanding  
Of that loving sympathy.

---

### **PICTURES FOR DECEMBER.**

#### **The Young Mother.**

From 'Fide et Amore.'

UNCONSCIOUS to the world  
A girlish form on tireless knee bent low,  
Beside her sleeping babe,  
Within the warming firelight's fitful glow.  
She turned, as on her right,  
The curtained door was open'd from without,  
And baby's Daddy came ; —  
He link'd the hand she eagerly stretched out.

#### **Christmastime.**

From 'Our Treasures.'

LIKE a gem of deep—full beauty,  
Happy Christmas Day,  
Depths of light that radiates gladness  
All along the way.  
May its lightness gently guide you,  
Of its beauty give,  
That each moment radiates Christmas  
Love and joy that live.



### **Their Boy.**

From 'Fide et Amore.'

THE festive table laid for three,  
Told of expected joy,  
Mother and Father breathed to each,  
"He'll come to-night—our boy."  
The outer gate swung on its hinge,  
The gravel bore his tread,—  
And Peter grasped his father's hand  
And joined the way he led.  
Upright and strong, and true, and clean,  
With ideals pure and fine,  
He clasped his mother fondly near,  
"It's alright Mother mine."

### **Home for Christmas.**

From 'Gathered Threads.'

WITH hurrying feet,  
A winsome lass with laughing eye,  
Sped 'cross the dark and silent fen,  
Beneath the velvet, night-deep sky.  
A stream of light,—  
The cottage door was open'd wide,  
And brothers, sisters, cluster'd round  
And bore her joyously inside.  
The fire flamed high,  
The little kettle sang with glee,  
And table spread with snow-white cloth,  
Told of a long belated tea.  
"Home, Mother mine!  
Home, Daddy dear!—There is no place  
Just like to home at Christmastime,"—  
And Daddy touch'd the radiant face.

---

## A LOVING MEMORY.

(Mr. W. E. Hudson.)

THE long low-ceilinged room,—with beams  
Of knotted, rugged oak, upcaught  
The magic of the firelight glow,  
And breathed a beauty inly wrought.  
“The days pull in,”—the fine old man  
Low in his fireside cushioned chair,  
Watched for a space the dark’ning sky,  
“The days pull in,” he spoke with care.  
His daughter from the window turned  
With opened letters in her hold,—  
And news of loved ones far away  
She read aloud, or clearly told.  
The lamps were lighted, curtains drawn,  
Another log heaped on the fire  
The snow-white cloth was laid for tea  
The kettle raised a little higher.  
“Now for a ‘sup’ of tea and toast,”  
The words were gaily, brightly said  
And with a fond and genial smile,  
The old man watched the crisping bread.  
The lamp-light with caressing touch,  
Fell on the mass of snow-white hair  
That crowned the healthful happy face  
Which told of love and watchful care.  
The door-latch from without was raised,—  
A neighbour on the threshold stood,  
And smiles of welcome from the twain,  
Held greeting that was warm and good.  
The pride of hospitality  
Shone on the kind old happy face,  
And father,—daughter joy’d, that home,  
Should prove to all, a gladsome place.





UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**A** 000 053 820 7

